

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Journal devoted to the interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,
J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.
No. 611 10th Street N. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Live Contributions are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar whereof they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies five cents.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Address all letters and make checks payable to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washington, D. C.
Entered at the Post Office for transmission through the mails at second-class rate.

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Through the efforts of the Brightwood, Takoma Park, Brightwood Park and Tenallytown Citizens' Associations, only one fare will be charged on the consolidated lines until September 1. The order may be suspended after that date.

The Russian people are only beginning to realize the advantages of life insurance.

The Johnsons number 5750 in the new Chicago directory, having a clear majority of 1250 over the Smiths.

President Harper, of Chicago University, says that college degrees in themselves are of no value, and predicts their abolition.

The Weather Bureau reports show that in 1898 the number of people killed by lightning in the United States was 362. A very small number out of seventy millions.

A London newspaper has referred to Mr. Astor as a purse-proud American. Mr. Astor's only chance for complete peace of mind is to become a citizen of some country whose language he does not understand.

A curious suit for damages has been brought by a tramp in Idaho against a railroad. He was injured while stealing a ride, and charged the employees with negligence because, although they knew where he was, they did not put him off the train.

Uncle Sam need have no fear for the future of his navy with such material to fall back upon as the brave boys of the school ship St. Mary's, who, under their gallant commander, safely brought their craft to Lisbon, after successfully battling with three terrific storms.

The employment of women in the postal service is not an American idea. It was by no means uncommon in the old days, when postmasters kept post-houses and were persons of some consequence. In 1548 Leonard, of Taxis, appointed a woman postmaster at Braine-le-Comte, an important point in France.

The destruction of American forests has been pitiful, accelerated lately by the cutting of commercial woods. A movement, which would make the replenishing of former growth compulsory would be one of the highest industrial value, which should be backed up both by State and national legislation, thinks the Atlanta Constitution.

IN CALICO.
They're sung the song of the girl in pink,
And the song of the girl in white,
But the singers are few who have praised
The true
Goddess of love and light:
The household fairy whom we all know,
And knowing her love her the better so—
The girl in the garment of calico,
Dainty and sweet and bright.
The bloom of her cheeks, the light in her eyes,
Is her beauty and title of health;
And day after day in a modest way
Her neatness is better than wealth.
Old-fashioned? Yes, and we wish her so,
For just like her mother in calico,
With the gentle traits of the years ago
She's taken our hearts by stealth.
So, in a nectar of roses, I pledge
Our dear girls in pink and white;
To their eyes and their hair and their ways
Dech-nair
I offer my homage to-night;
Yes, deep in my heart I feel and know,
A lofter feeling continues to grow
For the girl in the wrapper of calico,
Dainty and sweet and bright.
—John H. Braceland.

ADVENTURE WITH A MANIAC
THE scenes of that night will never fade from my memory," said my dear friend Parker, as, one evening not long since, he sat, the centre of a pleasant circle at Orange, New Jersey. Poor Justin Harrington! How I loved that boy! For months I had seen that insanity—the dreadful disease that had wrought so much trouble in the Harrington family—was showing itself in Justin. There seemed to be actually nothing that friend or relative could do to arrest the fatal disease. To have spoken one word of warning, or proposed any precautionary measures, would only have driven the poor fellow at once to desperation; so we were compelled to watch him drift out into the sea of hopeless insanity. He had been giving a succession of concerts in several cities and towns of New England, and had made a very successful tour, both professionally and pecuniarily.
That Justin was a natural musician, no one could doubt who had ever heard him sing or play the violin.
As the insidious disease progressed he seemed to become more and more attached to the little instrument, and it would have made your heart ache to have listened to the wails which, in his moments of sadness, he brought forth from the strings. Every emotion the soul is capable of enjoying, suffering, or enduring, he was able to portray. Di tanti palpiti was his favorite instrumental piece, and sometimes I have been compelled to leave the room to hide the tears which this faithful delineation of the performer's spiritualized conception of the theme would bring to my eyes.
One evening, after having delivered a lecture in Worcester, Mass., on my way to the hotel of the place, I was informed that Justin was stopping at the same house—that he was as wild as a hawk, and had been calling for me.

I went immediately to his room, never for a moment supposing but what I could soothe and control him. Two of his brothers were below, but he persistently refused to see them. I tried the door and found it locked. "Justin," said I; "Justin, my dear fellow, let me in. It is Parker."

I heard the key placed in the lock and in a second more the madman seized my hand, and drew me quickly into the apartment, and, to my horror, immediately locked the door, removed the key and placed it in his pocket.
It would not do to betray the least symptom of fear. His eyes shone with a light which was almost demonic; and I realized that I had very foolishly thrust myself into a scrape which might furnish a very exciting item for the morning newspapers.

"Well, Justin, how have you been since I saw you last?" I remarked in the usual offhand manner which had always marked our previous intercourse.
"Parker," said he, without deigning to notice my remark, "what do you keep looking at that door so wistfully for? You are not afraid of your friend Justin—of course not!" and then followed a succession of tantalizing laughs, so infernally fraught that I could not help asking myself if devils do not help overthrow the reason in order to take possession of the empty head, and perform their cruel and vindictive acts.

"Why, old fellow," I replied, taking care to look him steadily in the eye, "did you ever see the man I am afraid of? I think not. And why should you use that word in reference to me, I am at a loss to understand."
"Tut, tut, man!—nonsense! Who said anything? It wasn't Justin!—oh, no! It was that ugly devil that steps into my shoes once in a while and gets the best of me."
"All right," said I. "Now, let's have some music."
And I passed him his violin, hoping it would, as I often had known it to before, soothe and comfort him.
"Shall I? Shall I?" he asked, looking up, while the demon-like expression of his face changed to one of inexpressible sadness. "Shall I play for Parker?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Everybody up there is fond of melody. Why, heaven, my dear boy, is all one grand harmony."
"But we are not there yet," was his practical reply; "consequently don't know much about it."
He took the violin, petted it a moment, as a mother might a slumbering infant, then turned it carefully and, with another upturned, imploring look, commenced to move his bow, but not once, through the long half-hour that followed, did he allow the bow to

touch the strings. He was just as earnest, just as impassioned, just as full of his subject as I had ever seen him, but not one sound came forth.

"There," said he, as he finished, "I played them!"—(This in a sepulchral whisper). "They asked me, Parker. You can't sing here, but the moment your foot touches the green grass over yonder you will sing like a bird, Parker—a bird uncaged—a bird set free, and everybody will listen, Parker," he continued, and I wish I could describe that instantaneous change of expression from sadness, almost hopelessness, to defiance and madness. "Parker, how long do you suppose it would take me to send you to kingdom-come—that is, to send you in first-class style, in a masterly manner? To begin with, I should have to take this," and he drew from his pocket a large, jack-knife and opened the glistening blade, "and get at your heart. I have always believed that the soul was there."

And then followed a long disquisition upon the different opinions entertained by philosophers and transcendentalists in regard to the abode of reason. Ugh! My blood runs cold to think of it. All the while his fingers played with the glistening blade.

"In the first place, I shall insert this very delicately, and in a scientific manner dig your heart out and send it home to God. That will be the first operation. And then (you see I have studied anatomy), I shall unhinge these fellows." And he caused the joints of the elbow to snap in a manner truly professional. "And, Parker, you'll never know what hurt you."

"I think not," said I, laughing. But, oh, heavens! how I shook inside. "But, what do you think?"—and I kept his eye firmly—"what do you think I should be doing while you are attempting to make mince meat of me? That looks like real Damascus."

And I threw an admiring glance at the horrid thing he was brandishing round his face.

"It is," said he, evidently possessed with a new idea. "Now, watch. See what a good marksman I am." He stood opposite the mirror.

"I aim at my heart in that glass. See!" And the maniac with a strange, rotary movement of his arm, sent the point of the knife whizzing into the very centre of the glass, shivering it into innumerable pieces.

You can imagine how I must have felt. He had now not only one weapon he could use for my destruction, but a thousand. What should I do? I realized that I must work quickly. With a lightning-like movement I picked up the knife, and, muttering something about the heat of the room, raised the sash and dropped it into the yard.
"Justin," said I, sternly, "every inmate of this house will think you are drunk. Now, lie down on that bed, while I pick up this glass. You are in your stocking feet, and likely to be cut every step you take."
"All right," he replied, immediately obeying. "The devil got the upper hand that time."

I guess I never did so much work in sixty seconds, before or since. There was no knowing how soon he might change his mind. I gathered up every fragment and threw them after the knife.
"Now I'm going to ring the bell and order something to eat," said I, approaching the wire.
"This is my room, and I will do that," he replied, jumping from the bed and giving the bell rope a twitch, then stationed himself by the door and called to the one who obeyed the summons:
"Toast and tea for two, in a hurry."
"And then, turning to me, while a sardonic smile overspread his face:
"Hygiene, Parker, hygiene! I am a slave to hygiene. A man should always die with his stomach in good order. A dyspeptic can never know anything about the kingdom of heaven."

"I will take the things," said I, as I heard the man returning, hoping, in this way, to slip out unharmed and unsuspected.
"No, you don't! I'm quite capable of attending to my own business."
He removed the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, and with the quickness of lightning, seized the waiter of eatables, turned and withdrew the key, before I could make the least motion to escape.

I poured out a cup of tea and handed it to him. Again that longing, awestruck expression overspread his features.
"Shall I? Shall I?" he moaned, looking heavenward. "No, sir; they say not. They say, 'Justin, you must never more eat, and never more it is.'"
And in the twinkling of an eye toast and tea found a resting place beneath the window.

Imagine my horror when I found the careless attendant had left the large iron toasting fork beside the plates. When he observed this a gleam of fiendish satisfaction shot from his wild eyes.
"Now, Parker," he hissed close to my ear, "we'll now see what you will be doing while I am making, not attempting to make mince-meat of your carcass." How the poor fellow had remembered my exact language.
"Of course," he continued, "I cannot do it as scientifically with this pronged affair as with the knife, but you might as well say your prayers, my boy. Two minutes from this time I shall hold your soul in my hand."

"Justin, my dear fellow, that's a nasty weapon to kill a fellow with. Let me give you my revolver."
"No, you don't!" he roared. "No, you don't! Now or never! With this or nothing!" And the maniac bounded to my side.

I seized his wrist and shrieked for help. In a second more the door was broken in by a party of friends and I was released from my perilous position.

tion, and let me tell you I have been mighty shy ever since of crazy folks.
—New York News.

THE LIFE OF BIG GUNS.
Admiral O'Neill Says That a Hundred Shots is Far From Being the Limit.
There have been some interesting and mysterious stories in circulation about the short lives of the big guns that are used on our battleships and coast fortifications. One of the yarns most frequently told is that the thirteen-inch gun, which carries a ton of metal for twelve or fifteen miles, can only be fired 100 times with safety, because the tremendous pressure destroys the cohesive power of the metal and thus weakens it, and renders it liable to explode. These stories have got into books, and the "100-firing fallacy" is accepted by some of the ablest authorities on ordnance. The big Krupp gun at the World's Fair in Chicago was an object of even greater interest, when visitors were told that it had been fired sixteen times and couldn't be fired again without danger of explosion because the metal of which it is made had become "nerveless."

Admiral O'Neill, Chief of Ordnance of the Navy Department, says this is all humbug. "The only damage suffered by the big guns from frequent firing is the wearing out of the rifle grooves," he says, "and that is easily repaired. The gun can either be rifled over again or it can be 'tubed'—that is, a rifle tube can be fitted into the bore, as is frequently done in England, and the gun is as good as new."

"There is no such thing as a gun getting nerveless," continued the Admiral. "The metal of which it is made is not injured by firing. Some of our guns have been fired 100 times without showing any injury or wear. We do not know how long they will last, except that the rifling has to be renewed when it is worn out, but we have never had a gun wear out in our navy, and therefore cannot speak from experience, and many of our guns have been fired several hundred times."

The ordnance experts of the army estimate that the twelve-inch guns on the coast fortifications can be fired 200 times without being relined, but this is only speculation. They have never had any experience in that line. None of the big guns belonging to the United States has ever worn out.—Chicago Record.

The Needs of China.
Here is the key to the whole situation, says Mark B. Dunnell in the Atlantic. The fundamental need of China is administrative reform, and this can be accomplished only under foreign compulsion and supervision. Without it, the political integrity of China cannot be maintained, nor can foreign trade largely increase. We cannot reasonably expect a great increase in the imports of China without a proportionate increase in her exports. We must look principally to the exploitation of her mineral resources under foreign direction for the needed increase in her exports, and this can only be done through the agency of railroads, which cannot be built and successfully operated except under conditions of political security which do not now exist. The requisite security for foreign enterprise in China can be attained only by means of drastic administrative reforms initiated from without. The Government at Peking does not desire reforms, and its tenure is so insecure that it could not introduce them if it desired. The mandarins cannot be expected to destroy a system upon which they thrive, and the people at large are ignorant, indifferent, unpatriotic, and without any inherited capacity for concerted political action. The decentralization of the political system has destroyed all national feeling.

The Oregon.
The best news that has come out of the East for a long time is that which tells of the safety of the Oregon. The Oregon is more than a battleship to the American people. She represents one of our ideals. She has seemed to be typical of our aspirations to be good, and strong, and worthy. She has taken a human aspect to most of us, and the notion that she could be lost by some infortuitous chance without accomplishing the mission she was sent out to accomplish was intolerable. If the Oregon is ever to go we want her to go in one of two ways only. She must either live out her allotted span and die of old age as full of honor as of years, having served her purpose and done her duty well, or she must go down in a fight with her flag waving proudly above her, defiant, and to the last to be revered for her strength and for the full measure of her duty done.
To batter her life out upon a rock, useless and impotent, is no proper fate for this vessel, and when in future days she is manned care should be taken that those who have her in charge shall be chosen from among those who consider not only her honor and safety and general welfare, but the pride of the landlubber in the ship we all love so well.—Harper's Weekly.

Unique Exposition Features.
It is probable that a grand ceremony will take place in Paris during the exhibition in connection with the transfer to the Pantheon of the remains of Diderot, Balzac, Renan, Rude, Ingres and Delacroix—that is to say, of three famous writers and of the same number of celebrated artists. To this list it was proposed to add Lamartine, Michelet, Quinet and the painter, David d'Angers, but the descendants of these great men refused to allow their bones to be disturbed for the sake of posthumous honors, however splendid. The heart of the first grenadier of France, La Tour d'Auvergne, is also to go to the Pantheon, there to join the rest of his body.

Railroads.
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Leave District line depot for Chesapeake Beach 10.00, 11.00 a. m. and 2.00, 5.00, 6.00 p. m. daily.
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